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LINCOLN AND STANTON.

THEIR ACQUAINTANCE BEGAN IN A REMARKABLE LAWSUIT.

Let Us Turn From the News of the Day for a Few Minutes and Dip Into the Past - Here Are Some Unpublished Reminiscences of Great Men.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—The methods of Providence in shaping the destinies of men and nations are among the unveiled mysteries. Who, living in 1856, would have supposed that even then two of the principal chiefs who were to stand at the helm of the government, the future president and his war secretary, were being brought together and prepared by their associations to become leaders in the struggle that was to ensue?

For years prior to 1856 fierce legal battles had taken place between the then two great rival manufacturers of reaping machines, Cyrus W. McCormick, of Chicago, and John H. Manny, of Rockford, Ills. The question was one of infringement in the use of the cutter and certain other devices. Finally the case reached the supreme court of the United States, and there the giants among the lawyers met in final battle. Manny had secured the services of Mr. Peter H. Watson, the leading patent counselor in Washington, a man of marvelous ability and splendid executive power, and entrusted to him the entire management of his case.

McCormick was represented by Edward N. Dickerson, one of New York's most famous lawyers, James H. Gifford, and other distinguished counsel. With Mr. Watson were associated Mr. James H. Renwick, now a distinguished architect in New York, at that time Mr. Watson's partner; George Harding, of Philadelphia, Edwin M. Stanton and Abraham Lincoln. Messrs. Watson and Renwick assumed the task of the preparation of the case, including the hundreds of models and other exhibits. To Mr. Harding was assigned the duty of describing these and presenting the historical phases of the case to the court; on Mr. Stanton was imposed the burden of review and argument, while Mr. Lincoln was to hold up the Illinois end of the line, as the ablest man who could be selected to represent the vast interests at stake there.

It is unnecessary to pursue these details further. They are only mentioned for the purpose of introducing the fact that Mr. Stanton then made one of the strongest and ablest arguments of his life, not only deeply impressing the members of the supreme court and eliciting their praise, but producing a profound sensation among the members of the bar generally. That it equally affected his associate, Mr. Lincoln, goes without saying.

Mr. Stanton was again called to Washington in 1859 as one of the counsel to defend Daniel E. Sickles, then a member of congress from New York, for the shooting of Philip Barton Key. His speech on that occasion was again a masterpiece of eloquence and no one who heard him will ever forget the manner or the man. His associates were James T. Brady and John Graham, the most distinguished criminal lawyers of the day. Messrs. Chilton, Magruder, Ratcliffe and Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish patriot. As in the McCormick and Manny case, to each was assigned his respective part, and on Mr. Stanton devolved the most important duty, that of crystallizing and solidifying the work of the brilliant men around him. It had been the one speech of his life that speech would have made him famous; and Abraham Lincoln knew all about it in his far away Illinois home.

When the verdict of "not guilty" was returned, the emotions of the counsel illustrated their several characteristics, and none of them more strikingly than those of Mr. Stanton. James T. Brady, in spite of all his experience as a criminal lawyer, became pale, nervous and agitated. Stanton, unable to repress the feelings that swayed him, almost rivaled David when he danced before the ark of the tabernacle. He literally jumped up and down, waved his handkerchief, shouted, cried and joined in the general hubbub of the moment. People in his own times never saw anything of this sort. The usual stolidity of Radcliffe and Chilton gave way and both went like children, while the warmhearted Irishman, Thomas Francis Meagher, in the exuberance of his feelings, clasped people on the back, and with tears streaming from his eyes asked if it "was not glorious." The only passive and undemonstrative lawyer in the group was John Graham, though he was one of the first to welcome his client back to freedom.

And now comes the crowning point in Edwin M. Stanton's career—his selection by Abraham Lincoln as a member of his cabinet and secretary of war. But he was not Mr. Lincoln's first choice. The man on whose executive ability in that department he pinned faith and whose admirable qualities of head and heart he greatly admired was Peter H. Watson, the organizer of the great Manny-McCormick suit, in which they had been associated four years before. Mr. Watson, however, with a farseeing vision, discerned in the near future the necessity of a man who would grasp the sword hilt with a sternness of which he was incapable, and he declined the honor. Lincoln then offered him any place within his gift that would keep him near his person as an adviser, and this was also declined. But Mr. Watson suggested the name of Edwin M. Stanton as a man above all others adapted to cope with the dangers of the crisis. No name could have suited Lincoln better,

SAVED BY A SPOON

Narrow Escape of a Young Man Who Came Near Getting Left.

Yale street, Englewood. In this recherche, a la mode, and comme il faut Rue de Style of Chicago's intramural southern suburb no ragged, dog fennel or mullen stalk ever outrides its plebeian personality. No upstart dandelion rears its feathery head on the irreproachable lawn of this distingue highway of suburban fashion and blots out as it were the sun, pauses decorously as it passes over Yale street and then hurries reluctantly on to fill unavoidable engagements elsewhere. The banana peddler speaks with a modulated voice and a more pronounced Italian accent when he invades its hallowed confines, and the nomadic fish merchant announces his coming by using a silver plated horn with an amber mouthpiece instead of the soul destroying squawker he employs when his wagon wobbles and rattles along Sixty-third.

A pale lemon tinted parlor with vivid permanent of potash stencillings on the upper borders of the walls. A chandelier of gorgeous and intricate architecture doing its best to illuminate the surroundings, but hampered by having nothing but a shelf worn article of Town of Lake gas on hand to use withal. A young woman of elaborate bangs and haughty demeanor, and a youth of dejected mien who had received a blow and was endeavoring to grin and bear it, but found himself unable to grin.

Such was the general tout ensemble. "If this is all the answer you have to give me, Thuringia de Hote," he said, "I don't see any use in continuing the conversation."

"None at all, Mr. Kershock."

"And I might as well call it a water haul and go."

"As you choose, Mr. Kershock," he muttered, as if communing with himself. "House over here on Harvard street, ten rooms, modern improvements, nine teen closets, regular boudoir, see straight through dining room of north and south neighbors' houses, and plan all fixed for tennis court on shady side."

The young woman smiled a cold, glassy smile, and Mr. Kershock drew on a glove. "I see it now," he continued, "I might have known it. It was folly in me to think I could win the affections of an iceberg." He pulled on his other glove, took his hat, shook his head and went on with increasing sadness. "I had taken such satisfaction, too, in making a collection of souvenir spoons that I hoped some day—"

"Of souvenir spoons, Mr. Kershock?" "Yes. Been two years getting them together. What good will they do me now?" he asked drearily. "There's the Landing-of-the-Pilgrim Father spoon, the Brooklyn bridge spoon, Stockyards spoon, the Alhambra-by-Moonlight spoon, the Eiffel tower spoon and a whole raft of others. Got sixty-seven of them in all and"—

"Sixty-seven souvenir spoons?" exclaimed Miss De Hote as she rose up, quivering and panting. "Say it again, Clarence! Say it again!"

"Yes. Sixty-seven," he replied in the same dejected way. "and I was going to—"

"Oh, Clarence!" The proud beauty threw herself in his arms, pillowed her classic Yale street head on his robust Stewart avenue shoulder, and the flickering glare of the consumptive twilight fell dimly on a rapturous maiden whispering ecstatic nothings in the ear of a wildly astonished youth who wondered if he wasn't going crazy.—Chicago Tribune

Consideration.

A certain farmer gave evidence of his belief in his cattle's appreciation of scenery not long since when showing a visitor over his estate. After a long tramp through the woods the two men climbed a steep hill, on the summit of which was an inclosure where several cows were standing.

"Isn't this a grand place for pasture?" asked the farmer. The visitor looked out over the beautiful sheet of water which lay at the foot of the hill, more than a mile away, and agreed that it was a grand place.

"But," he said after a little, "there isn't much grass here for your cows to feed upon."

"No, that's true," the farmer admitted. "But it's a grand good place for them." "There doesn't seem to be any water handy, either," remarked the visitor. "No, but they drink just before they are driven up here and when they come down at night."

"There isn't much shade, is there?" the critical visitor further remarked. "Well, no," replied the farmer. "But good land, man! Just think of the magnificent view!"—Youth's Companion.

HE LOOKS LIKE LINCOLN.

Some Gossip About Senator Cullom, of Illinois.

[Special Correspondence.] SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 27.—There have been several men of distinction who have been thought by their friends to resemble in their physical appearance President Lincoln. Senator Platt, of Connecticut, is one, and Senator Cullom is another.

Cullom, however, resembles Mr. Lincoln more in his mental traits and in his absolutely democratic manner than he does physically. When Mr. Lincoln was in the height of his fame, in fact, when he was beginning to gain a national reputation, Cullom was just beginning the practice of law in Mr. Lincoln's old home in Springfield. Something in the young man attracted Lincoln very greatly, and a friendship sprang up between them which is one of Mr. Cullom's most precious recollections.

Even then Mr. Lincoln predicted a promising political career for young Cullom, and had he lived he would have seen that promise become fact. There are many who think that Mr. Cullom's career may not end with his service as United States senator.

Mr. Cullom's political career was very rapid. While still a young man he was elected to congress, and there, while making no brilliant display, he won the confidence of his associates because of his sound common sense, his industry and a singular gift of forecasting political events and judging public opinions with accuracy.

He also won a peculiar popularity in Illinois as one of the plain people who had been endowed with fine intellectual gifts. He was easily elected governor, and on the retirement of David Davis from the senate took his seat and has since been a member of that body.

Mr. Cullom's striking characteristic in public life has been his earnestness, sincerity and contempt for sham and conventional display. He was known as one of the industrials, and not one of the showy members of the senate.

A few years ago, being impressed by what he regarded as certain evils, or difficulties is perhaps the better word, in railway management, he set to work to discover a remedy if possible. Laboring sympathetically with Mr. Reagan, then a member of the house, and afterward associated with him in the senate, he brought up for discussion and finally secured the passage of what is known as the interstate commerce law. It was one of the most important pieces of legislation that congress has enacted for many years. It carried on to the statute books an affirmation that congress could control the railway commerce between the states to some extent, at least, just as the supreme court had years before declared that the government could control commerce on navigable waters.

As to the effect or the operation of this law there is some difference of opinion. But in securing it Mr. Cullom accomplished what many more showy senators than he have never been able to accomplish, and that was the securing of legislation of radical importance and tremendous possibilities. Mr. Cullom is still in the vigor of his days and he is frank enough to admit that there might be contingencies which would make him an available candidate for the presidency.

Latest Thing in Spoons. "Ethel Goodbell brought home a lovely souvenir spoon with her from England." "I know it, I saw her with him on the avenue Sunday morning."—Life.

The Summer Hotel Bill. "By the way," remarked a guest to the landlord of a summer resort as he paid his bill and started away, "do you permit your help to accept tips?"

"Why, no—no," he said with nervous anxiety, as he glanced back over the account; "you haven't got any money left, have you?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Precaution. She—Is that friend of yours whom you are expecting a tall man? He—About 6 feet 2 inches. Why do you ask? She—Because in that case I shall have to dust the ornaments on the top shelf.—Der Schalk.

Something in a Name. The Guest—How's this? Four dollars a day! Stopped here a year ago and paid only half that much. The Proprietor—Just so. Then it was the "Maiden Tavern." Now it's the "Hotel McGinnis."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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